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KAPIOLANI

A TALE OF HAWAII

BY

M. E. WELSH

THE

Abbey Press

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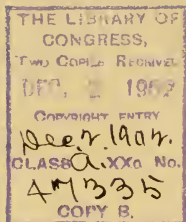
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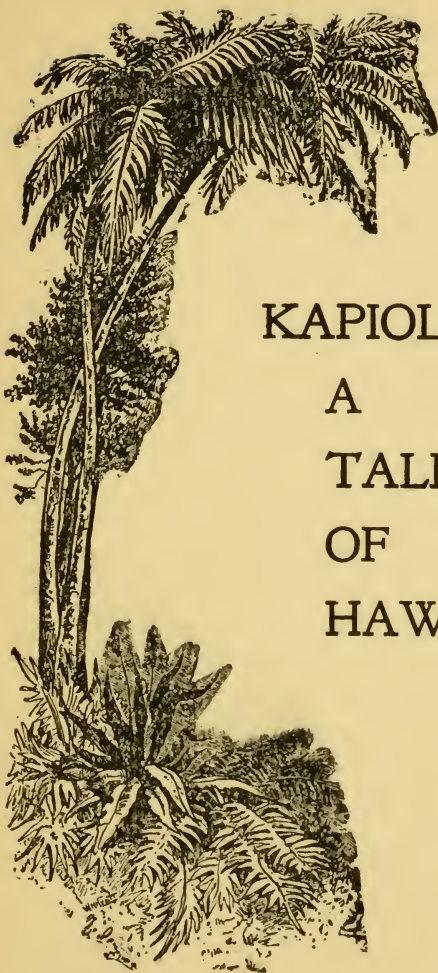
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KAPIOLANI,
A
TALE
OF
HAWAII

KAPIOLANI.

I.

WHERE the island of Hawaii
Is encircled by the great sea,
And the fires of Mauna Loa,
Like a deep and red aurora
On the midnight sky reflected,
Mariners have oft directed
From afar upon the ocean,
There with violent commotion
The plutonic agitation
Held in fear a savage nation.

Breaking from the seething fountain
Molten lava down the mountain
Rushing like a fiery river
Overflowing plains that quiver,
Falls at last from high cliffs pouring
With a strange and mighty roaring.

Kapiolani,

And the snorting floods retreating
Toss their manes in wrathful greeting.

There with triple guard surrounded
Burns and smokes a lake unsounded,
Where, 'twas said that, Pele raging
And in hellish dance engaging
With the demons that attend her,
Vengeful 'gainst each bold offender
Of her dread *tabu*, from the surging
Of the fiery waves emerging
And the flaming billows swelling
Of KILAUEA, her dwelling,
Oft with death and devastation
In her passionate elation
Shaking all the land and ocean,
Rushed with great terrific motion.

There amid the rolling thunder
Of the lava heaved asunder,
Molten mass on black walls dashing,
Lurid flames in frightful flashing,
Hurled by them by Pele bidden,
From the cavern deep and hidden,
Angry flames in fitful gleaming,
Cut the murky vapors steaming

A Tale of Hawaii.

From the pit, its depths concealing.

And where o'er the ledge congealing
Streams the shrouds of Pele's long hair
In the rarified and cold air
Dark clouds hung her wrath reflecting,
So that all her power respecting
Came with off'ring and oblation,
Came with tribute of a nation
To avert her wrath impending,
Stay her anger death portending.

There upon the isle Hawaii
Brave, dark queen, Kapiolani,
Subject of my rhyming story,
Won herself immortal glory.

II.

ON this island of Hawaii,
Tropic isle amid the wide sea,
Where the ever blooming flowers
Drink the sunshine and the showers,
And the graceful climbing creepers,
Like fair groups of virgin weepers
Chanting low their griefs intoning
To the warm breeze softly moaning,
Sway their arms together twining,
To the time their heads inclining,
And as screw pine tortuous growing,
With its roots in waters flowing,
So the forests green, undying,
Bright plumed birds within them flying—
There in undisturbed seclusion
Pele reigned nor feared intrusion.

Darkness o'er the land was brooding,
Darkness all the souls including

A Tale of Hawaii.

Of an abject race had bound them
Slaves to terrors, lurking round them,
Darkness like the mists enfolding
The volcano's top and holding
The sulphureous, deathly gases
In their black and sluggish masses,
Smoky clouds that hung obscuring
O'er Kilauea alluring
To its life destroying fountains
Spirits roving o'er the mountains.

So a heavy superstition,
Long sustained by priests' ambition,
Held the people so deceiving
With vain promise of relieving
Them from perils there abounding
In the earth and sea surrounding,
In the air and clouds above them
And from her who did not love them,
Wrathful Pele who destroyed them
And with direful ills annoyed them,
That with servile acts obeying,
Incantation loud and praying,
Off'ring and propitiation
Prostrate came the savage nation.

Kapiolani,

Hearing all the roar and rattle
Of that dreadful hidden battle,
Dreading her they came and fearing,
All her followers, the veering,
Treach'rous winds and waves tempestuous,
Them who clad in robes asbestuous
Hurled the glittering bolts with thunder
Also stirred the fires that under
Earth's thin crust were ever glowing,
Him who steam and vapor blowing
From the fissures sometimes breaking
Through the ground, and him who shaking
All the heavens sent the torrents,
Rain of Night and sweeping torrents,
Served with heathenish devotion,
Isolated by the ocean.

A Tale of Hawaii.

III.

CO this island of Hawaii
Came at last from o'er the great sea
Ships with noble men and daring,
Stern of visage, bold, sea-faring,
Who, fierce Pele's power despising,
Came without her priests apprising.
Without off'rings came and peering
Boldly in her sacred dwelling
Saw the liquid fires there swelling,
Boiling cauldrons seething, smoking—
At the prayer and invoking
Of her priests, 'twas said, th' offended
Goddess rose, with death attended,
To destroy the soul transgressing.
But these men, so strange, aggressing
On her boundaries forbidden,
Gazed upon her terrors hidden

Kapiolani,

And without propitiation,
Safe returned before the nation.

So the people wond'ring greatly
At the men with mien so stately,
Men whom Pele was allowing
To approach her, came and bowing,
Worshiped them as Gods new rising,
Worshiped them base rites devising.

A Tale of Hawaii.

IV.

FROM that far off isle Hawaii
Came the men upon the great sea,
Came unto their home returning
Whence they sailed, its pleasures spurning,
Choosing hardships, toils and dangers
And to pass their days as strangers
On the ocean rocking billows
Where at night they pressed their pillows,
Of their loved ones sadly dreaming
'Neath the pale moon's ghostly beaming.

To that port the ships returning—
From afar their masts discerning
On the shore their friends collecting,
Watched the sails from waves deflecting,
And the ships now proudly riding,
Which the men with skill were guiding.

Straight their prows came to the landing,
'Gainst the sky the masts all standing

Kapiolani,

With the gray sails gently swelling
In the ocean breeze propelling.

Thus the ships with men great-hearted
Reached the land from whence they started.
Happy was that longed for meeting!
Glad the sailors' hearty greeting!
Round the hearth and board all listened,
Bright eyes dimmed with tears oft glistened,
They adventures sad relating,
Of privation nothing bating,
And of lands so strange oft telling,
And of stranger men there dwelling,
Who, in savage wildness living,
Fierce, vindictive, unforgiving,
And who fiendishly are boasting
Of the foes they killed, and roasting,
Ate with hellish orgy shameful.

They with hearts and lives all blameful,
Stained with blood of victims human,
Worshipped Gods that can illumine
But by hate's swift, angry flashing.

Cunning priests the conscience lashing
In that land by fraud and terror,
Rule the men so bound in error.

V.

AND upon the isle Hawaii,
Fruitful isle amid the great sea,
Was the breadfruit and the cocoa.

As where north from th' Orinoco,
Warm and balmy winds are blowing
On the island groups are growing,
Luscious fruits whose rich redundancy
Fills the toilers with abundance,
So this isle, all gay with flowers
And the drooping fern tree's bowers,
Fragrant with their sweet effusion,
Brought forth fruit in rare profusion.

Sad that o'er the rich fruition
Reigned a hateful superstition,
Cursing all so fair in seeming
Where the earth with fruit was teeming!

Pity for those so degraded,
For a people heavy laded,

Kapiolani,

Moved the hearts of those who listened,
Those who in his name were christened,
Who, in condescending kindness,
Sought to cure man's woful blindness,
Who, so reads the ancient story,
Left the heavenly realms of glory,
By obedience and suff'ring
Purchased grace he now is off'ring
Through his saints to every nation—
To the whole world free salvation.

VI.

CHEN unto the isle Hawaii
Sent they men across the wide sea.

Messengers of Christ's salvation
Sent they to that blinded nation.

All their lives to him resigning
Who his courts forever shining
Left to keep the great commission,
To procure their sins' remission
And redeem from its destruction
All who hearing his instruction
Turned them from the things forbidden,
From their evil thoughts, things hidden,
Unto God supreme, omniscient,
First, sole cause, all wise, efficient,
God Almighty, universal—
Went that band with the rehearsal
Of the wondrous full redemption
That from death can give exemption.

Kapiolani,

In Christ's love they crossed the ocean
Strong in faith and faith's devotion
For the long days full of trial,
For the years of self denial.

Love of kindred hearts still sweetest,
Intercourse of friends still meetest,
Joys of hearts with feeling tender
They with willingness surrender.

For the arduous toil faith nerved them,
Living faith that likewise served them
As a motive for their labor—
For Christ's sake they loved their neighbor.

In his gracious Spirit going
In his name the good word sowing,
They believing went forth weeping,
Their reward safe in his keeping
Who is Lord supreme forever,
Whose word fails his people never.

A Tale of Hawaii.

VII.

SO, upon the isle Hawaii,
Taught the men from o'er the great sea,
Patiently the words repeating,
Scant encouragement oft meeting,
Through the Spirit's power hoping
That the minds of blind men groping
Feebly through their ancient errors
Thrall'd and fettered by the terrors
Of unholy superstition
Might at last reach faith's fruition.

They in meek dependence waiting
Saw truths gradual penetrating
Souls at voice of God awaking,
And perceived the guilty quaking
Penitent and conscience stricken
By the wondrous words that quicken
Dead souls into life immortal.

As upon the bright day's portal

Kapiolani,

Sun, its Lord, in power rising
Night's dark shadows exorcising
By the magic of his shining—
He his march resumes inclining
By majestic silent power
To himself each plant and flower,
And his warming beams diffusing
Into life new life infusing
Renovates earth's surface daily
With the flowers blooming gaily,
So Christ's gospel that was spreading,
And his Spirit's influence shedding
Holy light the night dispelling
In the hearts of men there dwelling,
Roused their wills to noble striving,
And with mighty power reviving
God's lost image in their being
That to Christ were led for seeing
All their souls renewed adorning
Them with beauty of life's morning.

A Tale of Hawaii.

VIII.

CHEN upon the isle Hawaii,
Isle volcanic 'mid the great sea,
Pele's dread *tabu* was broken.

Gave Kilauea no token.

Pele all her wrath restraining
And her priests forbearance feigning,
Saw her worship all deserted.

She no vengeful power exerted,
While her ancient temples mouldered.

Yet within the crater smouldered,
In the caverns deep and hollow
Latent fires that wont to follow
At her bidding growled and muttered.

And her servants angry uttered,
As of old, their incantations,
Raving 'gainst these strange mutations.

For their devil worship leaving
Many on the WORD believing,

Kapiolani,

Word of Christ that brought salvation—
He himself sin's expiation—
Heartily obeyed its teaching,
Giving heed unto the preaching
Of the earnest missionary.

To their savage lives contrary
All their acts were marked by meekness—
Not a craven hearted weakness—
In their souls grown greater, stronger
Under wrong forbore they longer.

In their hearts the law of kindness,
Little known in days of blindness,
All their lives now ever guiding,
Brought God's peace on them abiding.

And his might with strength endued them,
While his grace each day renewed them.

So the heathen greatly wondered
That from Pele's worship sundered
This new power their souls was freeing
From her *tabu* death decreeing.

O'er that isle the day was breaking,
And the souls of men awaking,
Saw the glory of its dawning.

O'er the dreadful darkness yawning,

A Tale of Hawaii.

And Kilauea's lurid burning,
They the purer light discerning,
Hailed the morning ray propitious
Advent of the day auspicious
That their night was sure dispelling.

Yet around her sacred dwelling,
Pele wrapped her clouds sulphurous,)
And her threats of acts injurious,
Still the people kept in terror.

Strong was still the ancient error,
So that to approach her dwelling,
Where the pent-up wrath was swelling,
There was none with heart so daring.

E'en though with the lips declaring
All her priestess' power pretended,
None yet felt himself defended
From the ills that lurked about her,
And at best was but a doubter.

IX.

WHEN the brave queen of Hawaii,
Noble, true Kapiolani,
From the ancient kings descended,
In whose veins the blood was blended
Of great warriors stout hearted,
Whose brave deeds had strength imparted
To her kingdom in the ocean,
'Mid the battle's wild commotion,
God's firm promises believing,
And his word supreme receiving
From the Christian missionary
Left the old traditionary
Ceremonials of her nation.

Then with royal proclamation
Was the dread *tabu* abolished.
Pele's images demolished,
All the false priests disregarded,
And the heathen gods discarded.

A Tale of Hawaii.

That mysterious vengeful power
At which they were wont to cower,
Was rebuked, and Pele had retreated
To the caverns deep and heated
Of Kilauea, and hiding
In the live coals there abiding,
Still was feared by all the nation
As of old ere Christ's salvation
Was proclaimed with life eternal—
Safety from the fires infernal.

Then the queen Kapiolani,
Noble, brave queen of Hawaii,
Excellent in understanding,
With majestic mien commanding,
Fearless, Pele's claim rejecting,
With her fancy disconnecting
The volcanic ebullition,
And the gaseous emission,
From the fire waves evolution,
Calmly formed the resolution
Of completely demonstrating
To her friends in doubt debating
That the goddess was unable
To destroy, herself a fable,

Kapiolani,

And Kilauea, the crater,
At the mandate of a greater
Liquid fires and flames ejected.

For the Lord all things directed,
Varying forces, hail and torrent,
Gases unseen and abhorrent,
That appeared death's subtle essence,
Or the furious effervescence,
Of volcanic floods deep hidden,
And their forces could unbidden
By Jehovah never harm them,
Nor could unknown fears alarm them.
If their lives to him confiding,
They in faith were firm abiding.

Thus her confidence declaring
Kapiolani, true and daring,
To descend at once decided
To the place where she presided,
There to challenge Pele's power,
Where Kilauea's smoke clouds lower,
Challenge there her own existence,
Dare her vengeance or resistance.

X.

CHEN the priestess of Hawaii,
Pele's priestess spake:

O fly thee

Queen! The goddess has grown furious,
Vexed by those oft prying curious,
O'er the boundaries infencing
Her deep mysteries, incensing
Jealousy by gaze of mortals.

Know that if her sacred portals
Should be touched by any other
Than her priestess she would smother
With that steam the one offending.
See the clouds her wrath portending!
And e'en now the angry mutter—
List! I hear her hoarsely utter
Threats of vengeance on thy daring.

Yet thy lofty rank still sparing,

Kapiolani,

And her fury yet restraining,
'Roused by act of thy disdain
Sends she, grace with fury blending,
Warning thee against descending,
Bids thee now to turn back quickly,
Lest around thee gath'ring thickly
Frightful forms and deathly terrors
Recompense thy impious errors.

Render now propitiation
For the solemn preparation,
By our laws traditionary,
Still required and necessary
For the mortal her approaching
Lest thus carelessly encroaching
On these walls her fires confining
For thy impious designing,
Thou shouldst fail to find protection,
Suffer death for thy defection.

Heed thee now and swift returning
Save thyself from this fierce burning.

XI.

CHEN the good queen of Hawaii
To the priestess of false Pele,
Answering her denunciation :

I without propitiation
Venture near to Pele's dwelling.
You a message have been telling
That by her was never spoken.
She is false. She gives no token,
Knows not aught that's here transpiring.
You with falsehood are conspiring.
Stay your threatening. I am going
To that lake whose fire waves flowing
Redden all these clouds with flashes,
Whose soft molten lava dashes
'Gainst the blackened walls, as breakers
Of the ocean's strength partakers,
Strike the cliffs with waves concurrent,
Through volcanic forces errant

Kapiolani,

To the deep pits now impelling
To the margin sometimes swelling.
From the pit the flames there surging
Move not by false Pele's urging.
You do speak but words of lying.
Her pretended power defying
I, her images discarded,
And her worship disregarded,
Honor not your rights pretended.

Your petitions, if now ended
I will dare false Pele's terrors,
And expose your harmful errors,
Your false teaching to my nation.

Raving loud with incantation,
Pele's priestess then assuming
Power o'er the fires consuming
Threatened mute the lips to render
That should disrespect engender,
Threatened Pele's direful vengeance
'Gainst her if by dread contingency
She should to the pit descending
Where the flame and smoke were blending,
And the liquid fires were swelling,
There should desecrate her dwelling.

Then the brave Kapiolani,
Dark of eye, with cheek all tawny,
Flushed with holy inspiration,
Heeding not her declamation,
And her threatening disregarding
Her advance not long retarding
To the priestess, madly cursing
She the scripture truth rehearsing—
Her firm step not long delaying—
Raised her eyes to heaven praying
For the shield of God's salvation,
For his smile of approbation,
Of his mighty love this token
That Pele's power might be broken.

XII.

CHEN the people of Hawaii
Came and prayed :

O Queen deny thee
This thy purpose of destruction.

Sure that heated mass in fluxion
Will o'erwhelm thee quickly rising.

And her friends bent low advising,
From this madness to dissuade her—
Spake her husband to persuade her.

All her servants humbly bowing
This strange act were disallowing.

But the voice of their entreating,
And remonstrance calmly meeting
With a Christian's good profession,
With her holy faith's confession
She went forward to the trial
Publicly to make denial
Of regard for Pele's power,
Where her fiercest wrath clouds glower.

To her people thus declaring :
I perform this deed of daring

A Tale of Hawaii.

In the name of God, the Ruler
Of Kilauea, the regions cooler
Of the air and space unmeasured,
Terrors in his storehouse treasured
For his day of wrath there waiting.
And all things that he creating
Still has power of controlling;

If I die be this consoling,
He alone my life has given,
And these fiery billows driven,
By his breath can never harm me,
Nor can earth-born fears alarm me,
While with faith in him unswerving
I obey in humble serving.

Thus their anxious voices stilling,
Who had followed half unwilling
With a faithful few attended
From the lofty plain descended
That Kilauea surrounded,

She the priestesses confounded
On that lofty plain assembled,
Who their coward fears dissembled—
Incoherently reproaching
Sought to hinder her approaching.

XIII.

NOBLE queen Kapiolani!
Fearless daughter of Hawaii!
To Kilauea descending
With that faithful few attending
Over steps all seamed and jagged,
Passing bushes stript and ragged,
Pausing with deliberation,
In that dreadful isolation,
With the furnace 'neath her burning,
To her faithful people turning,
Plucks the sacred fruit tradition,
Only on this one condition,
Grants for use that first an off'ring,
To the goddess Pele proff'ring,
They her wrath should stay—in presence
Of volcanic effervescence,
The *ahola* berries eating,
The *tabu* contemptuous treating,

A Tale of Hawaii.

Pele's mandate violating,
Sacred fruit as common rating—
Stands in sight of fires red glowing.
Maddened waves before her flowing
And the fearful upward blazing
Of the flames so blinding, dazing,
Sweeping o'er the floor that melting
As a heated metal smelting,
Heaves and glows its form still changing,
O'er the surface sometimes ranging,
Cooling, hardening, then upheaving,
And before the fire wedge cleaving,
Breaks and sinks into the burning—
There before that deep lake turning,
Ate the sacred berries showing
Pele's right of them bestowing
Was a cunning priestly fiction.
Was the priestess' own restriction.

With majestic calm proceeding,
She her trembling servants leading
Reached the floor with fissures broken,)
Of that fearful action token,
That its surface ever changes
Piling up those rugged ranges,)

Kapiolani,

While from out each crevice steaming
Spits the fires beneath them gleaming,
Breathing forth the gas injurious,
Vapors heavy and sulphurous.

Standing on the glassy surface,
Striped by many a dangerous crevice,
She into that sea all glowing—
She into the fire waves flowing,
Cast great stones its power assailing.)

By its raging fires unquailing,
Loud above its noisy sputter,
Her defiance she did utter.

By her faith in Christ enabled
She defied that goddess fabled.

Then did her attendants needing
Firmer faith stand by her pleading,
By the crater, speak in terror,
Still enthralled by ancient error.

Pele false and helpless knowing,
And believing the dread flowing
Of the lava streams emerging
From the pit with mighty urging
Of continuous ignition,
And volcanic flames emission,

A Tale of Hawaii.

Noxious flames and smoth'ring gases.
And the huge plutonic masses
From its depths with force ejected
By a power supreme directed,
Spake they for the queen's deterring,
Groundless fears their pulses stirring.

Pele's temple safely treading
Yet her threatened vengeance dreading
They beheld their queen audacious
Agitate the flood rapacious,
Lake whose waves with fitful motion,
Like the stormy waves of ocean
Sometimes rage with fury heated,
Rise and drive the flame white sheeted
'Gainst the clouds above suspended.

Truth but partly comprehended
Freed them not from superstition.

They presented their petition
For the fearless queen's deterring,
In their hasty speech concurring,
Lest she fall, by Pele dying.

Calmly to their words replying
Then the brave Kapiolani,
Hurling with her strong arms tawny,

Kapiolani,

Other stones into the burning
To her fearful servants turning
Her obedient ones there waiting,
And these terrors contemplating,
The unearthly noises hearing
To their unlearned minds appearing
Pele's threatening voice of thunder,
Breaking th' nether rocks asunder
Under the thin crust 'neath them speaking,
Seething vapors round them reeking,
Pangs of mortal fear enduring,
Uttered she these words assuring:

I for this do fear no evil,
That from all these fires coeval
With the world's remote existence,
When the land had not consistence,
But a crust was growing ever
Like this floor remaining never
On the formless sea still flowing
Like a shadow coming, going,
Pele from these fires appalling,
Can evoke if on them calling.
I who serve Jehovah peerless,
Stand in Pele's presence fearless.

A Tale of Hawaii.

He alone these fires hath kindled.
Pele, who your faith has swindled,
To destroy has not the power,
And these raging fires that glower,
And these rushing flames are harmless,
And these dreadful forces armless,
If the Lord forever reigning,
And all things with bounds restraining,
Give them not divine permission,
Send them not with his commission.

His the power and grace eternal,
That can save from fires infernal.

XIV.

CHEN upon the isle Hawaii,
From the shores of th' fiery deep sea,
Rose the sound of voices human.

Where the awful flames illumine
Caverns deep and upward flashing
Crest the thick waves onward dashing,
Tinge the clouds above them pending,
Dense dark clouds around extending,
And their brightness oft concealing,
Rose the shout of triumph pealing,
Rose a hymn of praise to heaven.
Strange as if earth's pillars seven,
From beneath with sound euphonious
Should an anthem sing harmonious!

Triumphed there Kapiolani,
With her servants wild and tawny,
Straight of hair with nose expanding,
In that crater's mouth all standing.

Once with blinding superstition
They accepted the tradition,
Metamorphosing the forces,
That in Nature's hidden courses,
Are occult in operation—
Terrible in demonstration,
Into mad, malicious creatures,
With distorted, hideous features,
With the power of volition.
Mythological tradition,
Once believed by all that nation
Taught that all the foul creation,
That inhabit that pit smoking,
Did obey her priests invoking,
Of the spirits who there revel
Pele chief and fiercest devil,
Living ever delitescent,
Where the fires are incandescent,
In the sheeted flames residing,
Bathed where rushing flames colliding,
Sparkle most in effervescence.

Robed in deepest erubescence,
All her followers, fire devouring,
Murderous war the weak o'erpowering.

Kapiolani,

Loud, terrific, crashing thunder,
And canoe destroyer under
Peaceful waves whose treacherous rolling,
He with perfidy controlling,
Brings 'gainst wrecking rocks employing,
In her vengeful errands joying,
She sends forth to do her pleasure,
Empty out her wrathful measure.

Now the elements obeyed not,
And the furious vassals stayed not
The irreverent proceeding
Of the queen her servants leading
To the fountain ever seething.
She defiance deeply breathing,
Humbled Pele's pride long vaunted.

By her faith serene undaunted
In Jehovah there exulting,
For the vict'ry thus resulting,
For his goodness them sustaining,
They the goddess thus disdaining,
Sang a hymn Jehovah praising.

In the crater upward gazing.
Praised they him whose reign extending
Over all things, never ending,

A Tale of Hawaii.

And obedience exacting
From these energies thus acting
Through each medium fixed and lawful,
Manifesting power awful,
To his people brings salvation,
To his enemies sends damnation.

They o'er Pele triumphed singing
Notes of gladness loudly ringing
With the fires beneath, before them,
And the black clouds rising o'er them,
With the bass of thunder blending,
Loud soprano, cadence ending
Rev'rently triumphant singing—
In their hearts great thoughts were springing.

Then this Christian of Hawaii,
Brave and true Kapiolani,
With her faithful servants kneeling,
Moved by pious grateful feeling
To Jehovah Omnipresent,
Wise and good and self-existent,
Lord of earth and heaven praying,
Owned his power his foes dismaying.

Kneeling there with hands uplifted,
Looking through the clouds that drifted

Kapiolani,

'Round and 'neath the sky high arching,
'Cross that vaulted roof swift marching,
And as in cathedral spacious
Shad'wing forms in dim light gracious
Rests a dome on walls deep graven,
Saw that band the still light shining
Through the cloud and smoke combining,
And the while the thunders sounding,
Not an echo there rebounding,
From the walls all scarred and broken,
Of the outer world brought token,
Their low prayers together blended,
Worship of their hearts ascended
Till in humble adoration
Faith had perfect confirmation.

XV.

CAME again Kapiolani,
Came the brave queen of Hawaii,
From that cloister deep and solemn,
Dark with many a shading column,
With that faithful few attending,
Came a thousand feet ascending,
And a joyful answer bringing
To her friends in deep fear clinging
To the ledge and from the burning
Hoping not their safe returning.

Standing there with deep emotion,
High above the girdling ocean—
They into the crater peering—
Spake the queen Jehovah fearing.

You have seen the terrors cryptic,
Like the lake apocalyptic,
Lake of fire and brimstone blending,
Burning with a flame unending,

Kapiolani,

God's fierce judgment representing,
And beheld the rocks indenting
Fire jets strike like wrath impending
Ever upward smoke ascending
Smoke and flame ascending ever,
And their hot breath ceasing never.

Now give God his rightful glory,
For your superstitions hoary,
In his clearer light have vanished.
Pele's name from hence is banished.

XVI.

NOW upon the isle Hawaii
Perished is the name of Pele.
There Kilauea still smoking,
Heeds no priestess her invoking,
And the same volcanic terrors
Bind no longer priestly errors,
Nor the people sacrificing
Seek to still the tempest rising.

But each man beside his neighbor
Tills the earth with peaceful labor,
And the fields with fruit are waving.

From the shores the seas are laving.
Come the ships we now are sending
Bringing word of church spires pointing
To the heavens whence Christ's anointing.

XVII.

HERE the flag we love is floating
Over men who now are voting.
Would that all who now are wearing
Freedom's crown were true and daring!







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